SOMETHING.

EDITED

BY NEMO NOBODY, ESQUIRE.

"Tis Something.....Nothing."

No. II.] *Boston, Saturday, November* 25, 1809. [Vol. I.

IN PRIMIS.

To all to whom these presents shall come—Greeting.

We, the editor, of this paper, having duly considered, weighed, and substantiated, (so far as we could find any *substance* in them) the various hints, sneers, and objections pointed against our first number, do hereby by our pap(er)al authority, excommunicate all who will not think like *us*.

We do, also, command all former editors of weekly papers in Boston, who have unadvisedly taken up arms against the feelings of others, to begin to feel for themselves.

Blown from our Garret, by the Zephyrs, through a broken pane.

NEMO NOBODY.

IN SECUNDIS.

Although we have, conformably to custom, adopted *a grand title* for our labours, and after as much daily and nightly contemplation as Dr. Johnson exercised, fixed upon a term at least as congenial to our work as the "Rambler," was to his—we declare as well in the open face of day, as in the closed eye of night, that we have no desire to conceal our real name; that all booksellers, printers' devils, binders, and carriers, are perfectly at liberty to answer truly this question: "Who is Nobody?"

We use the plural pronoun because *we* are not fond of *Ego*tism, but if it has not already been discovered, it will soon be, that we are as *singular* in our editorship, as in our opinions.

And let us reply, in spite of the *plural* predictions which a few hours produced from our A-Delphi Apollos, that we mean to be *singular* in *another* instance—in duration.

Why our *ex-tempore* friends should utter so many complaints, we cannot tell; "let the gall'd jade wince," we shall only say that when *they* wrote about *us* "*our* withers were unwrung."

We acknowledge the worst that *can* be said of us;—that we are fools. All editors who like ourselves attempt to be witty, without the means of being so, must be occasionally liable to ridicule. But in *whatever* character we may appear, we will assert our right to the unalienable privileges of it; and if we are either *real* or *esteemed* fools,

> "*We* will have *liberty*
> Withal, as large a charter as the winds,
> To blow on whom *we* please; for so fools have:
> And they that are most galled with our folly
> They most must laugh:
> For,
> He whom a *fool* doth very wisely hit
> Doth very foolishly although he smart,
> Not to *seem* senseless of the bob."

IN TERTIIS.

COMPLAINTS have been made on the *unintelligibility* of our language; we shall always be ready to answer objections. We have some acquaintance with Dr. Johnson and Noah Webster.—But lest it should be thought that we are desirous of interfering with their acknowledged prerogative of *coining* words, we shall in future be particular in placing their *Roman* words in *Italics*, and their American words in an *united state*.

To the *ladies* some apology may be thought necessary for the introduction of quotations from different languages—but much as we sincerely love them, we shall make none; because, we think they *ought* to be instructed in them. Why should not the Latin grammar be taught in ladies' schools? We were flattered a few months ago, by a sanction delivered from the pulpit to our opinion on this subject. Some of our first instructors in Boston have, with a laudable independence of conduct, set the example,—we wish that all (who can) will follow it.

To the *ladies*, however, we will observe one thing—that we shall never adopt a foreign language for the purpose of conveying to the *superiour* sex an idea at which innocence need blush—they may, therefore, apply at all times, *with safety*, to any of our former editors for explanation; or, if none of them should happen to be at their elbow at the moment, they may pass over the quotations without loss.

Theatre, Nov. 17th, 1809.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

If the editor of a paper can at *any* time receive *pleasure* from his exertions, it appears to us that it must be when he has an opportunity of doing justice to merit. The first moments that promised us a pleasurable sensation from the theatre, were those which exhibited Mr. Mills in the character of Alexander the Great—on this occasion we felt our inclination sanctioned by our judgment; we could praise, not only because we *wished* to praise, but because we could unequivocally declare our sentiments; we have seen the first actors in Europe and America perform this part, it has been attempted by one who must *here* be nameless; but without any impression but a sense of justice, we declare that we think that *Alexander* was never better represented than on this evening.

The king, the hero, the lover, and the madman, have been *before* exhibited, but the *man* himself made his *first* appearance in the person of Mr. Mills. Mrs. Powell, stampt our favourable ideas of her performance of the character of Roxana in the first three lines; with pleasure we experienced that every passage, afterwards occurring, deepened the impression.

The sweet tones and the delicate exhibition of Statira by Mrs. Darley, were rendered more affecting to *us* by their similarity to those of our lately deceased ornament, Mrs. Warren.

We think that to those who are more pleased with reality than names we may safely say, that these three characters conjointly taken, have seldom been better performed in Europe.

MANAGERS.

The editors of the Boston Gazette announced on Monday last, that among other communications which they could not insert, they had received an answer to "Nobody."

If we could not rejoice that this valuable paper was filled with *valuable* matter, we should regret the omission of this answer.

We beg the managers not to deceive themselves by supposing that we have any unfriendly inclination towards them. We declare most unequivocally that we have none.—But—let not this observation be considered as a recantation of any thing that has been before observed. We shall do our duty to the publick, and we shall be much *gratified* if the managers, by doing *their* duty, will make *ours* more pleasant to us.

We declare also, expressly, that our sole object is the elevation of the character of the theatre, its restoration to sanity in mental as well as cor-

poreal existence; if in the exercise of our duty we should at any time cut beyond the wound, it will only be with an intention of making the cure more perfect.

COMMENTATORS ON SHAKESPEARE.

THE commentators on Shakespeare have unfortunately been generally what the world calls learned men. We say *unfortunately*, because, when any difficult word or passage in his works has occurred, they have applied to the *dead* languages for explanation, and having therein found some word of similar construction to that which confused them, they have adopted its signification, and concluded of course, that the English word, from its orthographical similarity, must have been derived from the Latin or Greek, and consequently have partaken of a correspondent meaning.

It is undoubtedly true, that the English language is very considerably indebted to the Latin and Greek for *compound* words, but it must also be admitted that the Latin tongue was essentially indebted to the English, or its original, the Anglo Saxon, for many of its roots.

The brilliancy that has been attached to, we cannot think which has emanated from, what are now called the learned languages, (excepting the Hebrew,) has been suffered to overpower the mild illuminations of modern tongues; what an accurate investigation of our own orthoepy would most clearly elucidate, we are taught to search for through the chaos of supposition.

One commentator imagines a meaning for an obscure passage; a second declares, that the imagination of the former has led him astray, in consequence of his not having corrected it by the usual energies of his judgment; a third declares they are both wrong; and a fourth, after laborious researches, and the customary effusions of malignity, leaves the reader only to exclaim,

Who shall decide when *doctors* disagree?

We shall here make a short remark, on circumstances that perhaps may not be the objects of general contemplation; the *dead* languages, dead to us, the Latin and the Greek are frequently called the *ancient* languages; and thereby, is an idea inculcated that they are languages of greater antiquity, than our own. This is not the fact; the Latin language is *modern* in comparison with the English or Anglo Saxon.

The city now called London, was established long before that of Rome; and the Anglo Saxon language can be traced to the commencement of European history. Why then should they who have, as it were, an orig-

inal language of their own, apply to foreign tongues for explanation of terms, only become obsolete because the thread of continuity has accidentally been broken.

Shall we, because during those ages called the centuries of darkness, when it pleased the Almighty to infuse on mankind an intellectual sleep, men neglected the investigation of truth or the cultivation of their language, shall we, *therefore*, in this revivifying day of industry, neglect to apply to the labours of our preceding ancestors? surely no. The thread though broken may yet be tied, and by pursuing it as a clue, we may yet be lead from those labyrinths of error into which the hypotheses of imagination, and the *uniformly* directed investigations of learning have involved us.

The Romans overrun Gaul and Britain, and maintained possession of each for a considerable time; but, is it customary for invaders to give all and take nothing? Can it be supposed that an army with its attendant settlers would keep possession for any length of time, of a country whose forms, customs, religion, manners, and habits differed so essentially from their own, without regarding them with particular attention; and if they *did* regard them with attention, is it not natural to conclude that they would introduce to their own language the terms by which these varying forms, customs, religions, manners, and habits were defined and could be explained? The suggestion is apparently conclusive. This cohabitation of different nations must have been attended by reciprocal advantages to their respective languages, and will undoubtedly account for the introduction into the Latin of those English words, which are arbitrary, having no root in their own language, and no sanction from Greek etymology. But because the Latins adopted our terms two thousand years ago, and assimilated them to the construction of their tongue, are we now to apply to them, for the interpretation of our *own* words? Are we to sacrifice the independence of our own language, the customs of our forefathers, and apply for allusions through the mist which the adaptation of our terms to the idioms of a foreign language has thrown over them? We think not.

THE BATTLE OF WORDS.

Four huge men of learning one ev'ning had met,
In a good lady's parlour, to worry and fret
The poor old English language to tatters and shreds,
For a bandage to bind etymologists' heads.
Their theme was, *three words*, honest Shakespeare oft used,
And the *which*, full as oft, commentators abus'd;

Patch, Patched and *Pageant*;—so after they'd greeted
In due form and order, and each one was seated;
They applied to Sam Johnson, that rock of defence,
For all, who like him may *sometimes* err in sense.
Well, what says the Doctor? why "*Pageant's*" a shew
Indeed! is that all? that's no more than I knew;
Well, but now search again for his meaning of *Patch'd*,
Alas! *here* too the doors of his genius are latch'd.
But still look for "Patch," without anger or huffing,
Now—"a term of opprobry, perhaps ragamuffin."
A term of opprobry! but stop, of what nature?
For vices, like men, have their varying feature;
Well—seek ragamuffin—he here tells us that
This word is from rag—and—he does not know what;
So, lay by the doctor, his reasoning assures
That the *skill* of physicians is prov'd by their cures.
In this puzzling dilemma, our heroes—for ah!
There are heroes in learning, as well as in war,
Who can wield their sharp lances of latin and greek,
And if these *two* should chance in the conflict to break,
Can follow examples of men of the field,
And retire behind *Hebrew*, or *Syriac*, their shield.
Our heroes then finding no help from their God
Who once shook th' Olympus of Lore with his nod,
Piled Pelion on Ossa, invention on thought
Till his own native tongue seem'd to him but a *wart*;
Tried, by twisting, distorting, by righting, careening,
To strain these *plain* words to *their* fanciful meaning;
But as oft as they thought they'd discover'd the sense,
Shakespeare stood up himself in his language defence.
And prov'd that their wit to *one* passage assigned
Must *still* to that passage *alone* be confin'd;
Or, if one bright idea perchance had a brother,
They might still go so far, as to *torture* another.
They next then, applied with great labour and pain
To those who *pretend* obscure lines to explain,
But *here* they soon found, who most learning could boast
Was he who, *explaining*, could puzzle the most;
For Johnson and Warton, Tyrwhit and Malone,
They *found* had each one a conceit of his own,
In no instance abiding by *general* rules,
Excepting—when censuring others as fools.
Yet 'tis plain replies one, that in *this* they agree

That "patch'd" means "*particolourd,*" pray look, and you'll see.
That can't *be* cries the dame, who as yet had been mute,
Unambitious to venture on learned dispute ;
For *I'll* prove that they 're wrong, and although 't may be treason
To oppose such wise men, yet I'll give you my reason ;
I am *patching* this gown, but I certainly mean
That when finish'd the patching should never be *seen.*
And therefore I use the *same* colour, intending
That none should discover the rent I am mending.
'Tis an honest hypocrisy meant to conceal
That thrift we all *use,* but wish not to *reveal.*
But if patches meant *different* colours I trow,
Some ladies a strange colour'd garment would show,
But with all your great learning, your science will lack
To prove that a girl patches *white* robes with *black.*
Oddzooks cries one scholar, I think I now have it,
An idea ! and thanks to the lady who gave it :
"Patch" must mean a concealment, I candidly vow
I ne'er ascertain'd the right meaning till now.
By interpreting thus, we shall place all at ease ;
Now hear me one moment good folks if you please ;
"*By appearances false to deceive,*" will explain
The meaning of those words we've sought for in vain :
From "Patch," Patched and Pageant I think I can prove
That this interpretation all doubts will remove :
He said, all consented with lore to dispense,
And to judge nature's child by their plain common sense.
Thus explaining each word from their own *native* phrase.
They discover'd their clue, and escap'd from their maze.

QUID PRO QUO.

Some authors write to shew their *wit,*
And some to prove their sense ;
We too, may fail our mark to hit,
Because, *we* write—for pence:

We most *cordially,* therefore, thank our friendly prophets for their predictions and wishes, for we sincerely desire that we may be as speedily as possible at *our wit's end.*

But we cannot, notwithstanding, help thinking that Mordecai will still be found sitting at the king's gate.

We were formerly told that we served up to the publick, "beans and pork" one day, "and pork and beans" the next. We admired and of

course remember the *classical* allusion; and that we may not suffer under such witticisms in future, we declare that we have changed the *regularity* of our ordinary, and that every Saturday the Bostonians shall be treated with the best platter we can muster of *salt fish*.

But, as fishers of men, we shall only attempt to catch them, when they are inclined to *bite*, and that being the case, we will answer for serving them up *well dressed*.

Theatre, Monday, Nov. 20th, 1809.

THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST, AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

THE play having been advertised for repetition on Wednesday, we shall make no remarks on its performance this evening.

Animal Magnetism.

A play or farce loses much of its interest where the allusions of the author are not immediately conceived. Every thing that the abilities of Mr. Dickenson and Mr. Bernard could effect to excite *laughter* was attended with success in this exhibition.

Animal Magnetism first excited public attention in the year 1778, by some operations performed in it by Dr. Mesner in Paris.

The reports of the doctor's discovery, and his great success on a number of patients were noticed by government, and some persons of distinguished ability in philosophical pursuits were appointed to examine the merits of this pretended discovery. It was found to be borrowed from the exploded hypothesis of Van Helmont, and the result of their investigation was "That Animal Magnetism is a mere chimera."

Upon these circumstances, we presume that the laughable farce of Animal Magnetism was founded.

OURSELVES.

WE wish and intend that our paper *may*, and we are not without hope that it *will*, shortly be considered as uttering the unadulterated sentiments of our judgment. This judgment may not always be correct, and in many instances we know it will not be *thought* so; but, if we can command ourselves, it shall always be *sincere*. We think we can *so far* command ourselves, as to venture to pledge to the public whatever of reputation we have acquired, for the fair, impartial, and unprejudiced exercise of our duty to *them*. This duty will frequently be unpleasant, but (heaven willing) we *will* perform it.

We have no friends, no enemies. If then, in the execution of the duty we profess, we should not acquire the one, or should create the other, we must content ourselves, like other patriots, in having laboured, "pro publico bono."

LITERARY MERIT.

Until we are proved to have deceived we expect candour. It has, hitherto, contrary to the practice of larger cities, been customary with the Bostonians to decline attending the performance of a new play, until its merit has been pronounced by others. This custom is attended with great injury to the managers of a theatre, and no small imputation on the liberality of the public. We know, that we have been accused of vanity—already—let us deserve the accusation or not, it is of no consequence—We will put the strength of our opinion to a fair trial. We are content to abide by the issue. We consequently venture to recommend to the public patronage, a play of American production, but of sterling merit, which is soon to be produced at our theatre.—The author is Mr. White, a native of this town. We are actuated by no feeling but that of attempting to do justice. We have read the play, and sincerely believe that, if well performed, it must succeed. *We will* even say more, we will *pledge our judgment for its success.* When we deceive the public, we shall expect no further support, for we shall not deserve it.

DR. S. JOHNSON.

We may probably be suspected of having used too great a latitude of idea, in our remarks or insinuations with regard to Dr. Johnson—We have hinted, to be sure, at some occasional aberrations from sound judgment, but let it not therefore be supposed, that we have souls incapable of feeling his beauties, minds insensible to his virtues, or hearts unwilling to do justice to his labours and his science.

But the first step to knowledge is inquiry, if we take every thing for granted that is said, even by the best of men, we shall be liable to error.

It is the province of every man's mind to deliberate, to weigh, and to examine, because

Errors in taste are dangerous in their influence, in proportion to the acknowledged genius or celebrity of the person who commits them, for where we have been taught or accustomed to admire, we suffer our judgments to repose on *confidence* when we should awaken them to examination. As in our mercantile concerns, we rely on those reputed

rich, so in our intellectual determinations we too often place implicit trust in those acknowledged or reputed wise, and by so risking our property in the one case, or our opinions in the other, we are equally exposed to bankruptcy in fortune or understanding.

Tuesday, Nov. 21st, 1809.

MR. OGILVIE.

THE task imposed upon us this evening is changed from that from which we had every reason to expect pleasure, to what we have every reason to lament.

Have the *fashionable* people of Boston no literary taste? have they no feeling for the character of the town, no desire to promote the permanency and improvement of an institution which reflects so much honour on the individuals who have established it, and which promises so much benefit to their children? O Fashion! where is thy blush—thou wert weighed in the scale this evening with solid sense, and wert found wanting.

A gentleman, whose talents you *dare* not disown, had prepared an oration for this evening in favour of the first and best literary establishment in Boston, The Athenæum—to which, as was once said of Athens, The *souls** of all your town resort, and *you* did not attend!

The weather, to be sure, was bad, but Fashion keeps her coach.

Theatre, Wednesday, Nov. 22.

THE FOUNDLING OF THE FOREST, AND WE FLY BY NIGHT.

WE feel happy in the reflection that we committed nothing to the press of what we felt on Monday night; for had we done so, our observations on this evening's performance would have exhibited *apparent* contradiction. On *this* evening we witnessed a play, excellent in plot, delicate and often beautiful in language, and strongly impressive in its characteristic features of stage-effect; performed with correctness, attention, and superiour ability. The ligature of history or interest was never broken, the whole was intelligible, and interesting in the warmest degree—and the reiterated applauses in the last scene gave ample testimony of the feelings of a gratified although not numerous audience.

* *It seemed as if the* souls *of all the Grecians were enclosed within the confines of Attica, although their* bodies *were spread over all the other parts of Greece.*—PAFERCULUS.

N. B. We are neither to be bribed nor frightened.—We apologize to the publick for the frequent mention of our feelings; but we are forced to it by continued insinuations; yet, by every tie that binds us to them, we swear, that if it is within the scope of our ability to do them justice, they shall have it, in spite of threats, caresses, flattery, or bribes.

We mean to write for the *publick*, not for individuals, be they managers, actors, lawyers, orators, or ecclesiasticks.

We shall praise when we can, whenever or by whomsoever we think praise is deserved.—We shall praise Mrs. Powell, Mr. Bernard, and Mr. Dickenson unequivocally for their performances this evening, not because we were refused our *right* of *free* admittance to the theatre on Wednesday, but because we think they deserved as actors every thing we can say in their favour. We do, therefore, from the purest principles, of judgment, declare our admiration of the performance this evening in *all* its parts.—We have not an opportunity of being *very* particular, we know too that selections of characters frequently appear invidious or prejudiced, but we think that Mr. Darley's exertions in the play, and Mr. Mills' natural acting in that, and his elegant and chaste exhibition of the French character in the farce, should be noticed with extraordinary approbation.

TEKELI.

We have four times witnessed with pleasure the performance of this melo-drama: as often have we regretted that the receipts of the house were not equivalent to the exertions of the managers and the principal actors. This piece is the most interesting in its characteristic features, and the best supported in its subordinate agency, of any we have seen exhibited in this town.

We regret that the managers are so *positive* in their annunciation of performances; we think, if they were *less* so, that the public would be *more* affirmative in their sanction, and the theatre less negative in its receipts.

LAWYERS.

Every institution is liable to abuse, but the abuse of an institution does not invalidate its essential integrity; there were (as we are told) wicked angels in heaven, and there are (as we are told) some wicked lawyers on earth. Now we mean to amuse our friends as much as possible, and we

intend to be as witty as we can be—but the **unconceptionative* nature of our intellects has never yet discovered any wit in the indiscriminate observations of indelicacy on lawyers, women, and priests, and consequently we shall never soil our paper with transcripts of such a nature, and we trust that our own feelings will secure us from *original* sin.

But, however, as some reformation is as necessary among the lawyers as in other communities, we take the liberty of recommending, to those only who need, it the following

LAWYER'S PRAYER.

A FRAGMENT.

Ordain'd to tread the thorny ground
Where few, I fear, are faithful found,
Mine be the conscience void of blame,
The upright heart, the spotless name,
The tribute of the widow's prayer,
The righted orphan's grateful tear.
To virtue and her friends, a friend,
Still may my voice the weak defend!
Ne'er may my prostituted tongue
Protect th' oppressor in his wrong,
Nor wrest the spirit of the laws,
To sanctify a villain's cause!
Let others with unsparing hand,
Scatter their poison through the land,
Inflame dissention, kindle strife,
And strew with ills the paths of life;
On such her gifts let fortune show'r,
Add wealth to wealth, and pow'r to pow'r.
On me may fav'ring heaven bestow
That peace which *good* men only know,
The joy of joys by few possest,
The eternal sunshine of the breast.
Power, fame, and riches, I resign,
The praise of honesty be mine,
That friends may weep, the worthy sigh,
And poor men bless me, when I die.

* *The reader will undoubtedly give us credit for all the* amplificative *embellishments with which we may occasionally adorn the American tongue.*

We place "women" in the middle, because medio tutissimæ—between the law and the gospel.

THE PANOPLIST.

The Panoplist for October, 1809, with its usual interest in the first great duty of man, furnished us in an extract from Dr. Butler with an excellent collection of prayers. In this number of the Panoplist, will be found, and we trust they will be searched for,

A Prayer of Parents for their Children.

A Prayer to be used, by merchants, tradesmen and handicraftsmen.

A Prayer to be used, by debtors, and all persons obliged by crime or contract.

A Prayer for Patrons and Benefactors—but no prayer for lawyers.

For this omission, which originates by the bye, rather with Dr. Butler than the Editors of the Panoplist, we have endeavoured in our paper to compensate from an assurance that the *Woe* formerly announced to the scribes and pharisees cannot be applicable to *all* our modern young lawyers; for many of them are never to be found either *standing* or *sitting* in the Synagogue.

FRAGMENT.

"They are the thoughtless and the profane alone, to whom a rational piety is an object of ridicule; and we betray weakness of mind, not by respecting religion, but by being afraid to profess it."—*Panoplist.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LEST we should hereafter be so crowded with advertisements as "*to preclude much excellent matter*" it may be necessary in the first instance to state what kind of advertisements will be received, and how they are to be paid for.

"*Who steals my purse steals trash.*"

Now, as we mean to deal with trash as little as possible, any gentleman losing his pocket book containing trash, and wishing to advertise it, must send elsewhere, but, any person having lost his wits, his decency, or good manners, may perhaps hear of them at our office—Price, Attention.

Answers to (supposed) Correspondents.

ALPHA is very ingenious, but we wish not any communication wherein the Omega is beyond the twenty fourth line. If men or women of sense wish to figure in "something," we shall thank them for the juice

of the grape already expressed, without the rind. "In vino veritas," but "frontinulla fides." It is not the largest grape that yields the most juice. Besides, long pieces make long faces, and we wish to shorten the phizzes of our readers as much as possible; another reason, good morals like pretty shapes, are more attractive in spencers than in long *cloaks*.

Answer to (real) Hand-respondents.

THEY who shake hands with us because we edit "Something,"

And, they who avoid us, because we are "Nobody;" are equally welcome to their *own* opinions, but they will not change ours.

We have *nothing* to do with *politics*, we will take the hand of any *honest* man with pleasure, we prefer the Publican to the Pharisee:—

Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's, then if thou fall'st———

PRETERNATURAL AFFECTION.

THE following instance of extraordinary attachment is thought worthy of relation; though the objects of it are of inferiour importance, the subject to some may be interesting.

The attachment is still continued in the house of the Editor.

Six chickens lately hatched, and suffering from the severity of the weather, were taken from the hen, placed in a cage, which was introduced to a warm room; the cage was open at the top. In the evening a female cat was discovered in the cage hovering and cherishing the chickens with her own warmth—the cat was removed—but during the night exhibited symptoms of great anxiety—she caught the first opportunity in the morning of returning to her adopted charge, by whom she was welcomed as a natural mother. She was afterwards permitted to have free access, and since the latter end of the last month she has to the present moment attended the chickens as a parent, fed with them, slept with them, cherished and protected them.

MR. OGILVIE.

Thursday, Nov. 23d, 1809.

WE return home this evening, and with delight bid sleep give place to the rapturous reflections on the intellectual feast we have enjoyed; for

we feel that we have witnessed the soundest *body* of illustatration, enlivened by the sweetest *soul* of intelligence that ever blessed our ears.

To do justice to the literary and oratorical abilities displayed by Mr. Ogilvie, this evening would require more talents than we can command, and more attention than the advanced state of our publication will admit. But we will still attempt a cursory review, consisting not of particular, but general observations.

We shall remark in the first place on his subject—which was one as happily chosen for the display of his extensive erudition as he could have wished, for the purpose of conveying truths, which the Bostonians not only ought to hear, but of which they ought to retain the impression.

If it is our pleasure to rank in the scale of enlightened nations; if we assume the attitude of classick respectability, we must render ourselves respectable, not only by the pomp of phrase, but by our scientifick information; we must give our children such an education, as will enable them to make not an essential *distinction* alone, but an honourable *choice*, between abuse and argument.—We must not only build houses but minds; those minds should be instructed not simply in the art of acquiring money, but in the knowledge how they can best serve their country in peace or war, how to estimate and encourage the productions of art and science, that they may hereafter prove the protectors of what will alone lay the foundation of permanent security, and freedom.

Mr. Ogilvie's oration on the subject of the Athenæum, was replete with solid scientifick and we hope effectual argument; embellished with many of the most beautiful figures that our language could produce.—We presume that the *mind* of Demosthenes had laboured, although the oration "smelt not of the oil," for the polishing art of Cicero had given it a sweeter odour.

We had indeed a nectareous bowl, which Apollo and the Muses might have quaffed with delight, and the many coloured wings of science were not expanded as we hope in vain.

If we dared trust to our memory for quotations of language so delicately modelled, and so appropriately and energetically directed, we should be proud of adorning our remarks with them.

We have had the pleasure of listening attentively to every oration heretofore delivered by Mr. Ogilvie, in Boston; but we must think that in every ornament necessary for a perfect work of this nature, the oration this evening was incomparably superiour to any we have before heard: and in this opinion we feel a consciousness of support in the sanction of those present on the occasion.

The garden of nature seemed to have been at once laid open to the view of the author; but while he selected the most beautiful flowers from the parterre, he neglected not the medecinal herb. There were

in this oration all the prismatic rays of science, but at the call of reason they converged in one pure light; there was in it all the splendour of genius, but the chaste eye of taste could gaze on it unblenched.

BENEVOLENCE.

If heaven has to you assign'd
The *power* to relieve;
Examine well the suffering mind,
Ere you proceed to give.

Indulge not in a rude *excess*;
Be gentle, but *sincere*;
A bounteous *shower* might oppress
What pity's *dew* would cheer.

Lorenzo lost riches, his means were now scant,
The proud his retirement attend;
To pay their *last* visit, and beg, should he want,
To them for assistance he'd *send*.

Benignus stood by—he was poor, and said nought;
But his eye told the tale of his soul.
When *alone*, his friend's hand, he with eagerness caught,
"I've but little, but *bring* you the whole."

CHARITY.

Let not the charms of pleasure chase
Those feelings from your heart;
Which, while they give your feature's grace
Will *real* joys impart.

The pastimes of the rout or ball
Are often bought with pain;
But charity's persuasive call
Was ne'er obey'd in vain.

We had enter'd the carriage, and Emma appear'd
In splendour arranged for the ball;
An orphan's soft murmur of sorrow was heard,
She stopp'd, and return'd to the hall.

She blush'd as her seat she resum'd; 'twas the glow
Of a feeling as warm as sincere.
I gaz'd—Pearls in clusters *encircled* her brow,
But the pearl that *adorn'd* was—a tear.